

*The Historie*

*As they are sharing the Prince & Poins  
set upon them, they all runne away, and  
Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away  
too, leaving the bootie behind them.*

*Prin.* Got with much ease, Now merrily to horse: the theeues  
are all scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare  
not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, awaie  
good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth  
as he walkes along, wert not for laughing I should pittie him.

*Poynes.* How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur solus reading a letter.*

*But for mine own part my Lord could be well contented to bee  
there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.*

He could be contented, why is hee not then? in the respect of  
the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own  
barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous,*  
Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to  
drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettles danger, we  
plucke this flower safetie.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have na-  
med uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too  
light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so, I say vnto you againe, you are a shal-  
low cowardly hind, and you lie: what a lacke braine is this? by  
the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true  
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and ful of expectation: an  
excellent plot, verie good friends; what a frosty spirited rogue is  
this? why my Lord of York commends the plot, and the gene-  
rall course of the Action. Zoundes, and I were now by this ras-  
call I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my  
father, my vncle, and my selfe; Lord Edmond Mortimer, my  
Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower: is there not besides the  
Dowglas, haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the  
ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set for-  
ward alreadie? What a pagan rascall is this, an infidell? Ha you  
shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will hee to  
the King, and lay open all our proceedings? O. I could deuide

my

*of Henrie the fourth.*

my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke  
with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we  
are prepared: I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*  
How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres.

*Lady.* O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin  
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?  
Tel me sweet Lord, what ist that takes from thee  
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy goulden sleepe?  
Why dost thou bend thine eies vpon the earth?  
And start so often when thou sitt alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?  
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee  
To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee haue watcht,  
And heard the murmur, tales of yron wars,  
Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding steed,  
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt  
Of fallies, and retyres of trenches tents,  
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,  
Of prisoners ransome, and of soldiours slaine,  
And all the currents of a heddy fight,  
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,  
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,  
That beads of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow  
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame  
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,  
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,  
On some great suddain heft. O what portents are these?  
Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,  
And I must know it else he loues me not.

*Hot.* What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Ser.* He is my Lord, an houre ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

*Ser.* One horse my Lord he brought euen now.

*Hot.* What horse, Roane? a cropeare is it not?

*Ser.* It is my Lord.

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*Hot.*